

# THE Counter-Scuffle.

7

Whereunto is added  
THE  
COUNTER-RAT.

*Written by R. S.*



3

LONDON:

Printed by J. C. for Andrew Crook. 1667.

# THE Counter-Scuffle.

Whereunto is added

## THE COUNTER-BLAST.

Written by R. S.



2

LONDON:  
Printed by J. C. for Andrew Cook. 1867.



THE  
COUNTER-  
SCUFFLE.

**L** Et that Majestick Pen that writes  
Of brave K. Arthur and his Knights,  
And of their noble Feats and Fights :  
And those who tell of Mice and Froggs,  
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,  
And of fierce Beare, and Mastive Doggs,  
be silent.

And now let each one listen well,  
VWhile I the Famous Battell tell,  
In Woodstreet-Gowtens that befell  
in high Lent,  
In which great Scuffle only twain,  
VWithout much hurt, of being slain,  
Immortall honour did obtain

by merit.

And

A 2

One

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

One was a *Captain* in degree,  
A strong and lusty man was he,  
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free  
of Spirit.

And though he was no man of force,  
He had a stomach like a Horse,  
And in his rage had no remorse  
or pittie.

Full nimble could he cuff and clout,  
And was accounted, without doubt,  
One of the prettiest sparks about  
The City.

And at his weapon any way  
He could perform a single fray,  
Even from the long pike to the *Tay*.  
lors Bodkin.

He reckt not for his flesh a jot,  
He fear'd not *Englishman* nor *Scot*,  
For Man or *Monster* car'd he not  
a Dodkin,

For fighting was his recreation,  
And like a man in Desperation,  
For Law, Edict, or Proclamation  
he car'd not ;

And



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

And in his anger (cause being given)  
To lift his hand 'gainst good Sir Steven,  
Or any Justice under Heaven,  
he fear'd not.

He durst his enemy withstand,  
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* Sand,  
And bravely there with Sword in hand  
would greet him.

And noble *Ellis* was his name,  
Who 'mongst his foes to purchase fame,  
Nor cared though the Devil came  
to meet him.

And this brave *Goldsmith* was the man,  
Who first this worthy brawl began,  
Which after ended in a Can  
of mild Beer.

But had you seen him when he fought,  
How eagerly for blood he fought,  
Ther's no man but would have him thought  
a wild Bear.

Imagine now you see a score  
Of mad-cap Gentlemen, or more;  
Boys that did use to roist and rore,  
and swagger.

more

*The Country Scuffle.*

Among the which were three or four, b a A  
That ruff'd themselves by wildoms lore, o T  
Whose very Grandfires scarcely wore n a O  
a Dagger.

A Priest and Lawyer; men well read, m b H  
In wiping Spoons and chipping Bread; s r O  
And falling to, short grace being sod, d b A  
full roundly:.

Whose hungry maws no Sallets need on b A  
Good appetites therein to breed, m o W  
Their stomachs without sauce could feed n b  
profoundly.

'Twas ill that men of sober diet, a i b A  
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet, o W  
Were plac'd with Ruffins that to riot W  
were given:.

And (O great grief!) even from their food, i  
(Their Stomachs too, being strong & good)  
And that sweet place whereon it stood, T  
be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat now i m g  
What food our dainty prisoners eat, o m  
But if in placing of the meat B  
and Dishes,  
From

17th Winter-Schuffle:

From curious order I do swerve,  
'Tis that themselves did none observe,  
For which nor flesh they did deserve,  
nor Fishes.

But some (perhaps) will say that Lent  
Affords them not what here is ment,  
So much, so good, and that they went  
without it,

'Tis like, but if I add a Dish,  
Or twain, or three, of Flesh or Fish,  
They either had, or did it wish,  
ne're doubt it.

Then wipe your mouths, while I declare  
The goodness of this Lenten fare,  
Which is in Prison very rare,  
I tell ye.

Furmitie as sweet as any Nut,  
As good as ever swill'd a Gut,  
And butter sweet as e're was put  
in Belly.

Eggs by the dozen, new and good,  
Which in white Sals uprightly stood,  
And meats which heat and stir the blood  
to action.

As

The  
Supper.

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* stred,  
Which send the married paire to bed,  
And in loose bloods have often bred  
a Faction.

Fish butter'd to the Platters bring,  
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,  
Strew'd o're with Pepper neat and trim,  
Salt Salmon.

Smelts cryde, Come eat me, do not stay;  
Fresh-Cod and Moids full neatly lay,  
And next to these a lusty Ba-  
con Gammon

Struck thick with Cloves upon the back,  
Well stuf with Sage, and for the smack,  
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black,  
Sons'd Gurnet,

Pickrell, Sturgeon, Tench and Trout,  
Meat far too good for such a rout,  
To tumble, toss, and throw about,  
and spurn it.

The next a Neats-tongue neatly dryde,  
Mustard and Sugar by his side,  
Roches butter'd, Flounders fryde,  
Hot Custard.

Eels

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Eels boyl'd & broyl'd; and next they bring  
Herring, that is the *Fishes King*,  
And then a Courtly *Paul of Ling*

and *Mustard*.

But stay, I had almost forgot  
The flesh which still stands piping hot,  
Some from the Spit, some from the Pot

new taken,

A *Shoulder* and a *Leg of Mutton*,

As good as ever Knife was put on,

Which never were by a true Glutton

Forfaken.

A *Loyn* of *Veal* that would have dar'd

One of the hungriest of the *Guard*;

And they sometimes will feed full hard,

Like tall men,

And such as love the *Lusty Chine*;

But when that I shall Sup or Dine,

God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,

Of all men.

Thus the *Descriptions* are compleat,

Which I have made of *Men* and *Meat*.

*Mars* ayd me now while I repeat

The *Battel*,

Where

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Where Flots and Scodds were us'd as organs,  
To break each others Heads and Shins,  
Where blows did make bones in their skins  
to rattle;  
Where men to madnes never ceas'd,  
Till each (furious as a Boate)  
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast  
full dainty;  
Whereon (had they not been accurst)  
They might have fed till Bellies burst:  
But Ellis shew'd himself the worst  
of twenty.  
For he began this monstrous brat,  
Which afterward incens'd them all  
To throw the meat about the Hall  
that Even.  
And now give ear unto the jar  
That fell between these men of War,  
Vvherein so many a harmless kar  
was given;  
The board thus furnish'd, each man fate,  
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,  
Mong whom a jarring question frair  
was risen.  
The Battle  
For



*The Counterscauffle.*

For they grew hotly in dispute,  
What Calling was of most repute;  
'Twas well their wits were so acute  
in Prison.

While they discours'd, the Prisoner blythe  
Fed as he meant to have the Tithe  
Of every Dish, being sharp as Sythe  
in Feeding.

But haste had almost made him choke,  
Or else (perhaps) he would have spoke  
In praise of his long-threed-bare Choke  
and breeding.

But after a deliberate pause,  
The Lawyer spoke, as he had cause,  
In commendation of the Laws

profession;  
The Law (quoth he) by a just doom  
Doth censure all that do it come,  
And still defend the innocent from  
oppression;

It favours truth, it curbs the hope  
Of vice; it gives allegiance scope,  
Provides a Gallows and a Rope

For treason.

This

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

This doth the Law; and this is it  
Which makes us here in prison sit,  
Which grounded is on holy Writ

And reason.

To which all men must subject be,  
As we by daily proof do see,  
From highest to the low'st degree;

The Scholer;

Noble; and Rich; It doth subdue  
The Soldier and his swaggering crew:  
But at that word the Captain grew

In choler;

He lookt full grim, and at first word  
Rapt out an Oath that shook the Board,  
And struck his Fist, that the sound roar'd

Like Thunder;

It made all skip, that stood him near,  
The frighted Custard quak'd for fear,  
And those that heard it, stricken were

with wonder;

Nought did he now but frown and puffe,  
And having star'd and swore enough,  
Thus he began in language rough:

Thou cogging

Base

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Bafe foysting *Lawyer*, that dost set  
Thy mind on nothing, but to get  
Thy living by thy damned per-  
tifogging,

A Slave, that shall for half a Crown,  
With Buckram Bag, and daggled Gown,  
Wait like a Dog about the Town,

And follow  
A Business on the Devils part  
For Fees, though not with Law nor Art,  
But Head as empty as thy Heart

Is hollow ;  
You stay at home and pocket Fees,  
While we abroad our bloods do leese,  
And then with such base terms as these

You wrong us ;  
But *Lawyer*, it is safer farre  
For thee to prattle at a Barre,  
Than once to shew thy face i' th' warre

Among us ;  
Where to defend such thankles Hinds.  
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,  
But is expos'd to stormy winds

And weathers,  
And

*The Counter-Scuffle*

And oft in blood he wades full deep,  
Your throats from forin Swords to keep,  
And wakes when you securely sleep  
in Feathers.  
VVhat could your *Laws* and *Statutes* do  
Against *Invasions* of a *Free*  
Did not the valiant *Souldier* go  
to quell 'em?  
And to prevent your further harms  
VVith *Ensigns*, *File*, and loud *Alarms*  
Of warlike *Drum*, by *Force* of *Arms*  
repell 'em?  
Your *Trepass* *Action* will not stand,  
For setting foot upon your *Land*,  
VVhen they in scorn of your command  
come hither:  
No remedy in *Courts* of *Peers*,  
In *Common-Pleas*, or in the *Roals*,  
For jouling of your *job* or *routes*  
together.  
VVere not for us, then *Shall* *quoth* he  
VVhere wouldst thou *Fog* to get a *Reed*  
But to defend such things as these  
tis pitty.  
For

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

For, such as thou esteem us least,  
Who ever have been ready prest  
To guard you and the Cuckoos nest,  
your Citty.

That very word made Ellis start,  
And all his blood ran to his heart;  
He shook, and quak'd in every part  
with anger:

He lookt as if nought might assuage  
The heat of his enflamed Rage,  
His very countenance did presage  
some danger.

A Cuckoos nest? quoth he, and so  
He hum'd, and held his head full low,  
As if distracted thoughts did o-  
verpresse him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,  
At *Bristow* she was brought abed,  
And there was Ellis born and bred,  
(God blefs him.)

Of London-Citty I am free,  
And there I fill my Wife did see  
And for that very cause, quoth he,  
I love it.

And

*The Counter-Schuffle.*

And he that calls it Cuckoos nest,  
Except he says he speaks in jest,  
He is a Villain and a Beast,

Ile prove it;  
This Ile maintain, nor do I care  
Though Captain Pot-gun stamp and state,  
And swagger, swear and tear his hair  
in fury;

And with the hazzard of my blood  
Ile fight up to the knees in mud,  
But I will make my quarrel good,  
Assure ye.

For though I am a man of Trade,  
And free of London Citty made,  
Yet can I use Gun, Bill, and Blade  
In Battell;

And Citizensly if need require,  
Themselves can force the Foe retire,  
Whatever this Low-Country Squire  
Do prattle;

For we have Souldiers of our own,  
Able enough to guard the Town,  
And Captains of most fair Renown

About it;  
If



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

If any Foe should fight amain,  
And set on us with all his Train,  
Wee'll make him to retire again,  
Nere doubt it.

We have fought well in Dangers past,  
And will do while our lives do last,  
Without the help of any cast  
Commanders

That hither come, compel'd by want,  
With rusty Swords, and Suits provant,  
From *Utrick, Numigen, or Gaut*  
In *Flanders*.

The Captain could no longer hold,  
But looking fiercely, plainly told  
The Citizen, he was too bold,  
and call'd him

Proud Boy, and for his saucy speech,  
Did vow shortly to whip his breech:  
Then *Ellis* snatcht the pot, with which  
he mall'd him.

He threw the Jugge, and therewithal  
Did give the Captain such a mall,  
As made him thump against the wall  
his Crupper.

With

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

And he that calls in Cuckoos nest,  
Except he says he speaks in jest,  
He is a Villain and a Beast,

He prove it;

This I'll maintain, nor do I care  
Though Captain Pot-gun stamp and stare,  
And swagger, swear and tear his hair

in fury;

And with the hazard of my blood  
I'll fight up to the knees in mud,  
But I will make my quarrel good,

Assure ye.

For though I am a man of Trade,  
And free of London City made,  
Yet can I use Gun, Bill, and Blade

In Battell;

And Citizens, if need require,  
Themselves can force the Foe retire,  
Whatever this Low-Country Squire

Do prattle;

For we have Souldiers of our own,  
Able enough to guard the Town,  
And Captains of most fair Renown

About it;

If

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

If any Foe should fight again,  
And set on us with all his Train,  
Wee'll make him to retire again,

Nere doubt it.  
We have fought well in Dangers past,  
And will do while our lives do last,  
Without the help of any cast.

Commanders  
That hither come, compel'd by want,  
With rusty Swords, and Suits provant,  
From *Utrick, Nurmigen, or Gant*

In *Flanders*.  
The Captain could no longer hold,  
But looking fiercely, plainly told  
The Citizen, he was too bold,

and call'd him  
Proud Boy, and for his saucy speech,  
Did vow shortly to whip his breech:  
Then *Ellis* snatcht the pot, with which

he mall'd him. *The*  
He threw the Jugge, and therewithal *Scuffle*  
Did give the Captain such a mall,  
As made him thump against the wall

his Crupper.  
With

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

With that the *Captain* took a Dish  
That stood brim-full of butter'd Fish,  
As good as any heart could wish

To Supper :

And as he threw, his Foot did slide,  
Which turn'd his Arm and Dish aside,  
And all be-butterfishide

Nick Ballat :

And he (good man) did none diseale,  
But sitting quiet and at his ease,  
With butter'd *Rockes* fought to please

his palate.

But when he felt the wrong he had,  
He rag'd, and swore, and grew stark mad,  
Some in the Room been better had

without him ;

For he took hold of any things,  
And first he caught the *Pawl* of Ling,  
Which he courageously did fling

about him ;

Out of his hand it flew apace,  
And hit the *Tray* in the face,  
Who at the Board in highest place

was seated.

And

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,  
The Salt was thrown into his eyes,  
VWhich him of sight in woful wise

defeated

All things near hand, *Nick Ballat* threw,  
At length his butter'd *Rachets* flew,  
And hit by chance, among the crew,

The Parson.

The Sauce his Coat did all be wet,  
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,  
The Seat was butter'd which he set

His---on

He knew not what to do or say,  
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,  
Or cry, *You are all gone astray*,

Good people:

He might as well go strive to teach  
Divinity beyond his reach,  
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach

i th' Steeple.

At this mischance the silly man  
Out of the Room would fain have ran,  
And very angrily began

to mutter.

syndem of  
edt

C a

III

*The Coward's Scuffle.*

Ill luck had he, for after that  
One threw the *Parasurp* full of Fat,  
Which stuck like Broaches in his Hat  
with Butter.  
Out of the place he soon repaires,  
And ran half headlong down the Staires,  
And made complaint to Master Aires  
with crying.  
Up ran he to know the matter,  
And found how they the things did scatter;  
Here a Trencher, there a Platter  
were lying.  
Idare not say he stunk for wo,  
Nor will, unless I did it know,  
But some there be that dare say so,  
that smelt him:  
Nor could ye blame him if he did,  
For they threw Dishes at his head,  
And did with Egges and Loaves of Bread  
bepelt him.  
He thrust himself into the throng,  
And us'd the vertue of his tongue;  
But what could one mans words among  
so many?  
The



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

The Candles were all shuffled out,  
The Vittles flew afresh about;  
Was never such a Combat fought  
by any.

Now in the Dark was all the coyl,  
Some were bloody in the Broyl,  
And some lay steep in Sallet-Oyl  
and Mustard.

The sight would make a man afeard:  
Another had a butter'd Beard,  
Anothers face was all besmeard  
with Custard:

Others were dawb'd up to the knee  
With butter'd Fish and Furmitee;  
And some the men could scarcely see  
that beat 'em. Wil:

Under the Board *Lluellin* lay,  
Being sore frighted with the Fray,  
And as the weapons flew that way  
he eat 'em. *Lluellin a prisoner there, sometime the*

The bread stuck in the windowes all,  
Like Bullets in a Castle-wall  
Which furious foes do seek to scall  
the  
Keeper.

in Battle.  
Shoulders-

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Shoulders of Mutton, and Loyns of Veal,  
Appointed for to serve the Meal  
About their eares full many a Peal

did rattle,

The which when Owen Blany spide;

One of  
the un-  
der-  
Keepers.

Oh, take away their Armes, he cryde,

Lest some great hurt do them betide,

Prevent it.

And then the Knave away did steal

Of Food that fell, no little deal,

And in his House at many a Meal

He spent it.

The Captain ran the rest among,

As eager to revenge the wrong

Done by the Bar which Ellis song

So stoutly :

And angry Ellis sought about

To find the furious Captain out,

At length they met, and then they fought

Devourly.

Now being met, they never lin,

Till with their loud rebellion din

The Room and all that was therein

Did rumble.

Instead

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Instead of Weapons made of Steel,  
The Captain took a Salted Eel,  
And at each blow made Ellis reel  
and tumble.

Ellis a Pippin-Pie had got,  
A sorer weapon then the Pot,  
For lo, the Apples being hot  
did scald him.

The Captain layd about him still,  
As if he would poor Ellis kill,  
And with his Eel with a good will  
He mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, Ellis though art  
A Fellow of a couragious heart,  
Yeeld now, and I will take thy part  
hereafter.

Quoth Ellis, much I scorn to hear  
Thy words of Threats, being free from fear;  
VVith which he hardly could forbear  
from laughter.

Together then afresh they fly,  
The Eel against the Pippin-Pie :  
But Blany stood there purposely  
to watch 'em.  
Thee

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

The weapons wherewithal they fought,  
VVerre those for which he chiefly sought,  
And with an eager stomack thought

to catch 'em,  
But scap't not now so well away

As at the *Veal and Mutton* Fray;

He thought to have with such a prey  
his jawes fed,

But all his hope did turn aside,

He lookt for that which luck deny'd,

For *Ellis* all be-pippin-py'd  
his Calves-head.

Wo was the case he now was in,

The hot Apples did scald his skin,

His Skull as it had rotten bin,  
did quoddle.

With that one Fool among the youthion

Made out-cry all the House about,

That *Blany's* Brains were beaten out  
his Noddle :

Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would see

What all this coyl and stirre might bee,

And up the Staires his Guts and he  
went wadling.

But

A  
Turn-  
key, a  
fat fel-  
low.

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

But when he came the Chamber near,  
Behind the Door he stood to hear;  
For in he durst not come for fear

of swadling:

There stood he in a frightfull case,  
And as by chance he stir'd his face  
Full in the mouth a Butter'd Playce

did hit him.

Away he sneakt, and with his tongue  
He lickt and swallow'd up the wrong,  
And as he went the Room along,

be----him.

For help now doth poor Lockwood cry,  
O bring a Surgeon or I die,  
My guts out of my belly flie,

come quickly;

Blany with open mouth like wife  
For present help of Sugeon cries,  
Pitty a man, quoth he, that lyes

so sickly.

Phillips the skilful Surgeon then  
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd agen,  
If he had skil to cure thes men,

to shew it.

For taking  
Such

D

At

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

At length he comes, and first he puts  
His hands to feel for *Lockwood's* Guts,  
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,

All know it.

He cries for water; In the mean

One calls up *Madge* the *Kitchen-quean*,

To take and make the Baby clean,

and clout it.

Fast by the Nose she took the Squall,

And led him softly throw the Hall,

Lest the perfume through knees should fall

about it.

She turn'd his Hole beneath the knee,

Nor could she chuse but laugh to see

That yellow which was wont to be

a white breech.

She took a Dish-clout off the shelf,

And with it wip'd the m----- Elf,

Which had not wit to help it self,

Poor----- breech.

Thus leaving *Lockwood* all betray'd

Unto the mercy of the Mayd,

Who well deserved to be paid

For taking

Such



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Such homely pains : Now let us cast  
Our thoughts back on the stirrethar's past,  
And them whose Bones could not in haste  
Leave aking.

And like the Candles, shall my Pen  
Shew you these Gallants once agen,  
VVhich now like Furies, not like men,  
Appeared.

Fresh lights being brought, appeare the Brall  
Shew twenty mad-men in the Hall  
With Blood and Sauce their faces all  
Besmeared.

Their Cloathes rent and sonc'd in drink,  
Oyle, Mustard, Butter, and the sink  
Which Lockwood left, would make one think  
In sadnesse

That these so monstrous creatures dwell  
Either in Bedlam, or in Hell,  
Or that no tongue or pen can tell  
Their madnesse.

They were indeed disfigured so,  
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe,  
For each man scarce himself did know;

But after

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

A frantick faring round about,  
They suddenly did quit their doubt,  
And loudly all at once brake out

in lafter.

The heat of all is now allid,  
The Keepers gently do perfwade  
And (as before) all friends are made,

full kindly.

Ellis, the Captain doth embrace,  
The Captain doth return the grace,  
And fo do all men in the place,

as friendly.

By *Joan* I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd,  
The Captain loon as much reply'd,  
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd;

and *Vulcan*.

With *Mars* at odds again shall be,  
Ere any jarres twixt thee and me,  
And therupon I drink to thee

a full Can.

And then he kneel'd upon the ground,  
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round  
For ever shall be held renown'd,

and never

May

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

May any Quarrel twixt us twain  
Arise, or this renew again,  
But may we loving friends remain  
for ever ;

Amen, cry'd the *Captain*, so did all,  
And to the Health went round the Hall,  
And thus the Famous *Counter-Brawl*

was ended.  
But hunger now did vex 'em more  
Than all their anger did before ;  
They searcht i'th' Room how far their store  
extended.

They want the Meat which *Blany* stole ;  
One finds a *Herring* in a hole  
With dirt and dust black as a coal,  
and trodden

All under feet : The next in post  
Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,  
And looks not whether it were rost,  
or sodden ;

A third finds in another place  
A piece of *Ling* in dirty case,  
And *Mustard* in his fellowes face.

Another  
Espies

*The Counter-Scuffle*

Espies, and finds a Loaf of Bread,  
A Dish of Butter all bespread,  
And stuck upon another's head  
in th' porther.

Thus what they found contented some;  
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,  
Meaning therewith to cleanse the Room  
with sweeping.

But under Table on the ground  
Looking to sweep, by chance he found  
Lluellin, faining to bee found  
ly sleeping.

He puld him out so swift by the heeles,  
As if his bum had run on wheelles,  
And found his pocket stuf with *Eeles*;

His Cod-piece  
Did plenty of provision bring,  
Somwhat, it held of every thing,  
*Smelts, Flounders, Rochets, and of Ling*  
A broad piece.

At this Discovery each man round  
Took equal share of what was found,  
Which afterwards they freely dround  
in good Drink.

For

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

For of good Beer there was good store,  
Till all were glad to give it o're,  
For each man had enough and more,  
That would drink.  
And when they thus had drunk and fed,  
As if no Quarrel had been bred,  
They all shook hands, and all to bed  
did shuffle

Ellis, the glory of the Town,  
With that brave Captain of renown,  
And thus I end this famous Coun-  
ter-Scuffle.



THE







## To the Reader.

**T**His Bacchanalian Night-prize of  
the Counter-Scuffle being thus  
finisht, hath ever since frightened  
both Prisoners and Taylors from  
coming into any room, for fear of a second  
Uproar. So that the Counter for want of  
sweet garnishing and cleanly looking to, is  
grown so nasty, that no man (by his good  
will) will thrust his Nose in at any of the  
grates: Nay, will rather go a mile about, than  
come near it; Though to keep it sweet, a great  
deal of Mace is stuck upon every Serjeant, as  
if he were a Capon in white-broth.

Upon this slovenlinesse, it is wofully haunted  
with rats, not such rats as run up and down  
in brew-houses, sucking the new wort of strong

all

E

Beer

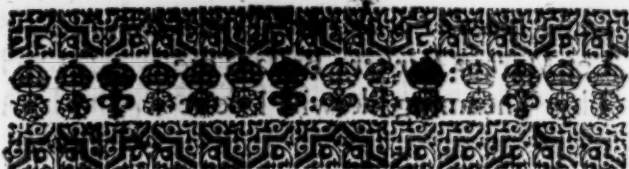
Beer so long, and in such abundance, that half the City is compelled to drink Beer as small as water; Nor those Rats which are not mealy-mouth'd in Bake-houses, where they gnaw so many batches of Bread, that a Penny loaf wants sometimes three or four ounces in weight. And then the honest Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently set in the Pillory.

Neither are they those Rats, which graze their throats in Tallow-Chandlers shops, where they nibble so much upon Candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full weight.

No, these are no Rats with four Legs, but only two; and though they have nests in a thousand places of London, yet for the most part they run but into two Rat-traps, that is to say, The Counters of Woodstreet and the Poultry, and for that cause are called Counter-Rats.

How caught, how mou'd, and what they are,  
This Picture lively doth declare.

The



Counter-Rat.

**O**F Knights and Squires of low degree,  
Of Roaring Boyes that stick and snee,  
Of Barroon Dam-me's that cry bree,

I sing now.

At men and women, (bawds and whores)  
At Pimps and Panders that keep Doores,  
At all that out-face Vintners Scores,

I sing now :

What sing I ? Nothing but light Rimes,  
Northward as are Saint Pulchers Chimes,  
No Steeples height my Muse now climes,

But flyeth

Close the ground as Swallows do,  
When rainy weather must enue,  
She flies, and sings, and if not true,

She lyeth.

*The Counter-Rat.*

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy Tricks by,  
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die,  
Thy Theaming likewise I defie

*O Fenner,*

Let Hoglden Scrapers on their Base  
Sound Fum fum fum from tottred Case,  
Nor Mean, nor Treble, now take place,  
But Tenor.

A Counter-Tenor is that note,  
Too easie, tis nere sung by rote,  
But got with wetting of your throat  
with Claret,  
Or stout March-Beer, or Windsor-Ale,  
Or Labor in vain (to seldome sale)  
Or Pymlico, whose too great sale  
did mar it.

He that me reads, shall fall out flat  
VWith *Homers* Frog, and *Virgils* Cnar,  
And *Ovids* Flea which lo near lat  
the Moon-shine.

For I of stranger VVonders write,  
Of a wilde Vermin got each night,  
Mad Buls i th dark, but Guls in sight,  
Of Sun shine.

My

*The Counter-Rat.*

My Metamorphosis is rare,  
For Men to Rats transformed are,  
And then, those Rats are Pris'ners fare,  
O pittty !

But tis good sport to see them drest,  
To garnish out a Mornings Feast,  
Each bit being salted with a jest,  
scarce witty :

These are not Rats that nibble Cheese,  
Or challenge mouldy crusts for Fees,  
And rather will their long Tayles leese  
than Bacon ;

No, these are they whose guts being cram'd,  
(As Cannons, hard with powder ram'd.)  
And Bag-pipe cheeks with Wine inflam'd,  
are taken

By Constables and Bill-men eke,  
Who speak no Latine, French nor Greek,  
But are Night-Sconces out to seek,  
Night-Sneakers,

Who late in Taverns up do sit,  
Whiffing Smoke, Money, Time, and Wit,  
Pouring in Boules till they out-spit  
full Beakers.

These

*The Counter-Rat.*

These (then) being to the Counter led,  
Each Pris'ner shakes his shaggy head,  
And leaning half out of his bed,

A laughing  
Fals,--and cries out ---A Rat, a Rat,  
Oh! roars another,-- Is he fat?  
If not, --- flay off his Cloak or Hat.

Thus scoffing  
Till morn they lie,---The poor Rat gets  
Into some hole,---besides his wits  
To hear such catterwauling fits

So fright him :  
But day being come, -- all up do rise,  
And call for Beer to clear his eyes,  
A Carnish then the whole Room cries,

They bite him.  
Ask any how such news I tell,  
Of Woodstreet's Hole, or Pontney's Hell?  
Know, I did amongst those Gipsies dwell

That cuzzen there,  
I mean the Turn-keys and those Knaves,  
Who rack (for Fees) men worse than slaves,  
I saw brought in with Bils and Glaves,

Some duzzen there.  
For



*The Counter-Rat.*

For I one night by Rug-Gowns caught,  
Vvas for a Rat to th' Counter brought,  
VWhat there my dear experience bought,

He sell ye

Cheaper than I could have it there,  
For they for Tokens throats will tear,  
But such as 'tis, fill with the chear

Your belly.

Prick up your ears, -- for I begin  
To tell what Rats, my night, came in,  
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Gin,

But mildly

Being call'd before the Bench of Wits  
Who sit out midnight Bedlam-Fits;  
But some being rid, like jades with Bits,

Ran wildly.

First, about twelve, the Counter-gates  
Thunder'd with thumpings, -- doors & grates  
Reeld at the peal, -- when our prison-mates

Up starting

Saw in the Yard a frantick Swarm,  
Crying, O my head, neck, sides, leg, arm;  
Sore had the Fight been, but small harm

At parting:

It

*The Counter-Rat.*

It was a Watch, swearing we bleed,  
But 'twas their Noses dropt indeed ;  
Masters (quoth they) we charge ye take heed  
Of him there.

---

*A Roaring Rat.*

**T**hat Royster, us to our trumps has put,  
And run our Beadle th' row a gut,  
His Bilbo has from each man cut  
a limb here.  
They gone, up comes the Bredak Bouncer,  
His Tusks stiff-stare like a brave Mounser,  
Of Turnbull punks a staring Trouncer,  
Some knew him.  
Why here, quoth we, why ? zounds because  
I tugg'd with Bears, and par'd their pawes,  
But sure I mauld Mr Constables jaws,  
Or slew him ;  
All's one — said one, please you to bed Sir,  
He (swearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,  
I scorn to rock my Harneſſe Head Sir  
In Feathers ;  
Give

*The Counter-Rat.*

Give me a Brick, Sir, for my bolster,  
An Armourer still is my Upholster,  
In frost, snow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,  
hang weathers.

Rogue, fetch me a sweet truss of straw,  
To fire thy rail---Pox a this Law,  
That coopes a Souldier like Jack Daw,  
Is't treason?

Rascal! more Claret; There's none here Sir;  
Why then (you mangy Cur) some Beer Sir;  
There's not a Tapster dares come neer Sir,  
thy reason?

Because you thwack out such huge words Sir,  
His wezand fears them worse than swords Sir;  
Mum then,--- i'll take a nap o' th' boords Sir,  
He sleeps there.

---

*A Crosse-legg'd Rat.*

**A** Puritan Taylor then came in,  
Who to take measure out had bin,  
And (Maudlin drunk) to rince his sin,  
he weeps there.

F

VVeeps

*The Counter-Rat.*

Weeps to be cal'd a Rat, being known  
A man at least,—so down being thrown  
On a hard bench, thus did he groan  
in sorrow;

Brethren where am I? One reply'd,  
In VVood-street Counter,—O my bride!  
Thou art rane down, and I must hide

to morrow  
A head that was not hid before,  
VVo worth him makes *Manasses* roare,  
But die I may not in his score,

believe me;  
For consolation I espy  
Th'row my sweet Spanish needles eye,  
The Sisters will (if here I lie)

releeve me.  
Sisters i'th' Counter! Oh no: here  
Only the wicked ones appear,  
VVash then thy shame in brinish teare,

Confessing  
Th'art rightly punisht for thy Yard,  
And for thy Goose which graz'd too hard,  
And for some Stuffles which thou had marr'd  
with pressing.

VVe

*The Counter-Rat.*

We ask'd him, why he was brought in :  
Black threds of vice (quoth he) I spin,  
And then agen did thus begin,

condoling,  
All are not Friers, I see, wear Cowls,  
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, milk-white souls,  
I should have talk'd thus, when the bowls  
were trolling :

But then to steal I held no harm,  
Lappets of drink to keep me warm,  
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,  
indeed-la.

O would my Shears might cut my thred,  
Why is this cross-legg'd mischief bred ?  
Mending my want from heel to head  
with speed-la.

Sorrow has made me dry,-- No matter,  
Out of mine eyes will I drink water,  
No other Ram my brains shall batter,  
to kill me,

Roof, touch no more, wines, French or  
All drinks Papistical I banish, [Spanish,  
Out of my lips this phrase shall vanish,

Boy, fill me--

One

*The Counter-Rat.*

One bid him call for Beer,---he fed,  
Oh! No more Beer, ---but reach me bread;  
By that i'll sweap-- Would I were dead,  
and rotten,  
When I agen swill ought but whay,  
Yet lest (being cold) my zeal decay,  
Hot waters shall not be one day  
forgotten.

---

*An old gray Rat.*

**T**His done, he nods, and quickly snores;  
And then afresh wide flie the doors,  
An Usurer hedg'd in with mad whores  
came wallowing,  
As does a great ship on the Seas,  
Set on by Gallies,---for, all these  
Were Fish-wives, who had wine at ease  
Been swallowing;  
And blown him up with penny-pots  
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots,  
Pay'd him at weeks end by th' old Trots,  
for shillings  
Each





*The Carrier-Rat.*

'Can now to quench them, steep does sound  
Retreat, dead drunk they all lie drown'd  
In cast up VVine, and on the ground

*The shot lie.*

*A Black Rat.*

**S**carce was this hellish din allay'd,  
But drencht in mire, with drink beray'd,  
(New curried) was brought in a jade

*all Mettle,*

An Effridge that Iron Barres could eat,  
And Strong beer out of Sea-coals beat,  
His Fifty-cuffes did the VVatch fret

*and nettle ;*

This second Smug who had the staggers,  
This Vulcanist, whose nayls were Daggers,  
This Smith so arm'd in Ale, he swaggers

*at snoring :*

Though lockt up, yet set up his Trade,  
Bolts, Hinges, Barres, and Grates he made  
Fly, --- which being heard, the Jaylors pay'd

*his roaring,*

*They*

*The Counter-Rat.*

They furnish him with Iron enough,  
Neck, Hands, and Legs had armour tough,  
And stronger (but more cold) than Buff,

to guard him.

How did they this? none durst come near him,

Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him,

All bringing Cans, to pledge them, swear him

So snar'd him,

Yet, for all this he danc'd in's shackles;

And cry'd, To other pot, I want more tackles;

And thus (till break of day) it cackles.

lay'd having

The addle Eggs of his turn'd brains,

In his iron nest of rusty chains,

Which made him lose both sense of pains,

and raving.

---

*A Long-rayl'd Rat.*

**T**He next that in our little Ease

Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,

Was a spruce knave, like none of these,

but sober;

As

*The Counter-Rat.*

As the Strand May-pole, -- he did go;  
In guff -- His thumb throw Ring did show  
A Gentleman seal'd, -- for he was no  
hog-grubber.

It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,  
Whole back wore freez, but bum no scarlet,  
And was tane napping with his Harlot,  
at noddy :

But being hal'd in, his hair he rent,  
And swore they all should dear repent  
Their baseness, -- for no ill he meant  
to her boddy.

The Prisoners ask't then what she was,  
(Quoth he) My Client -- One well to pass,  
Though here they impound me like an Ass,  
i'le ferk them ;

I'll make the Beadle pluck in's horn,  
He flirted at my Nose in scorne,  
The Watch shall stink, the Constable mourn  
i'le jerk them ;

Hang them (if need be) for they broke  
Her house, -- That's Burglary, -- The clock  
Scarce counting two, -- Then they struck  
o'th mazzard

An

*The Counter-Rat.*

An action of strong Battery! Good!  
They made my Nose then gush bloud,  
(One more!)---And that I mist the mud  
Here's Law in lumps:---Must, when to triall  
My Client comes, I have deniall  
For ingress to her, by Scabs? A Ryall

I enter

At Midnight,---a plain Case,---else Ployden  
The Case is altred:---shall each Hoyden  
Bar Law her course? Dare rustick Royden  
so venture?

A farthing-candle burning by,  
By chance his railing rage did die,  
Yet to his Brest, Revenge did crie:  
so churning  
His brains for Law-tricks how to sting them,  
And up to all the Bars to bring them,  
He fate, hard-twisting cords to wring them,  
till morning.

No more of this light skipping Verse,  
A dreery Table I now rebearse.

G

Long

*The Counter-Rat.*

**L**ong this brown study did not last,  
But in, as Compter-gates as fast  
Throng'd in the Watch agen. A noise  
Of scraping men and squeaking boys  
Straight fill'd the house. The Two-peny-  
Leap'd up and fell a dancing hard : (ward  
Out at the Hole, all thrust their heads,  
The Knights Ward left their seven-groat-  
The Masters side hearing the din (beds ;  
Swore that the Devil was sure brought in,  
But when they heard they Fidlers were,  
Some curs'd the noyse, some lent an ear ;  
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,  
Being then for want of drink half dead.

Lock't were the Fidlers in a Room ;  
All cry'd, Strike up, Play Rogues, Fum-fum,  
The Minnikin tickled, roar did the Base ;  
Then bawdy songs, all sleep must chase ;  
The men play'd heavily, boys did whine,  
Not seeing Meat, Money, Beer, nor Wine:  
Up such a laugh the Prisoners took,  
That the Beds danc'd, and Chambers shook ;  
Nay, the strange hubbub did so please,  
At Prison-bace ran both Lice and Fleas.



*The Counter-Rat.*

The Rozzen rub'd off, the Cars guts weary,  
We ask'd, how they who made men merry  
Grew sad themselves, And why (like sprites)  
Fiddlers being strung to walk a nights,  
Were they lock'd up?--One then, i'th' eye  
Putting his finger, told us why.  
Quoth he, being met by a mad Crew,  
In these poor cases---up they drew  
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers swore  
We should play them to the Blue Bore,  
Kept by mad *Ralf* at Islington,  
Whose Hum and mum, being powr'd upon  
Our guts, --- so burnt 'em, we desir'd  
To part ;---being out o'th' house ev'n fir'd :  
As our hands play'd, our heads were plied,  
And, tho, the night was cold, we fried ;  
For such hot waters sod our brain,  
Like Daws in *June*, we gap'd for rain :  
Strong were our Coxcombes, our legs weak,  
We, nor our Fiddles had wit to speak ;  
The company then being fast asleep,  
And we paid soundly, out did creep  
Into the high-way----O sweet Moon !  
VVe, but for thee, had been undone :

*The Courtes-Rat.*

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,  
We all might well have been indicted  
For breaking into others ground,  
Three in one ditch being almost drown'd,  
Yet out scrambled, and along (throng,  
The Play-houſe came, --- where ſeeing no  
We ſwore 'twas ſure ſome ſcurvie play,  
That all the people ſo ſneak'd away,  
And ſo the Players deſcended were  
To th' Staries, Nags-head, or *Chriſtopher*.

To all thoſe Taverns (we cry'd) Let's go,  
At which one fell, and then ſwore -- No.

The Bars in Smith-field well we paſt,  
For all the VVatch had run in haſt,  
Arm'd with chalk'd Bills, wak'd by a cry  
Of VVhore-dorps tane by th' enemy.  
From Cow-Croſs ſtood thoſe ſtoves not far,  
In which were entred men of VVar,  
(Low-Country Souldiers late come o're)  
Each one going in to preſs a VVhore.

Leaving them preſſing, on we trot  
Through the Horſe-fair, till we had got  
Into the middle of Long-lane,  
VVhere up the Devil doth Brokers train.

There

*The Counter-Rat.*

There down we fell, and then fell out;  
Our leathern Cases flew about :  
We fenc'd, and soyn'd, and fought so long;  
That all our Fiddles lay half unstrung,  
Their backs were broke, and we o'th' ground;  
Swouning for grief they did not sound ;  
Our noyse brought up from Aldersgate  
The rugged Watch, who before sate  
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore,  
Who with a guard of half a score  
Seiz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,  
Sad *Lachrymæ* you there shall play.

This told, the Prisoners laugh't out-right,  
And though the whole Ward had no light,  
Yet from their beds all skipt and cry,  
Scrapers, Strike up, we the Watch defie.

The Moon so bold was to look in,  
And saw some only in their skin,  
(Naked as Cuckowes when *June's* past )  
Some had long shirts down to their waste,  
Some wanted back-parts, some an Arm,  
None wore a shirt could keep him warm :  
A French Boy that sweeps Chimnies, wears  
His patch'd-up Frock as white as theirs :

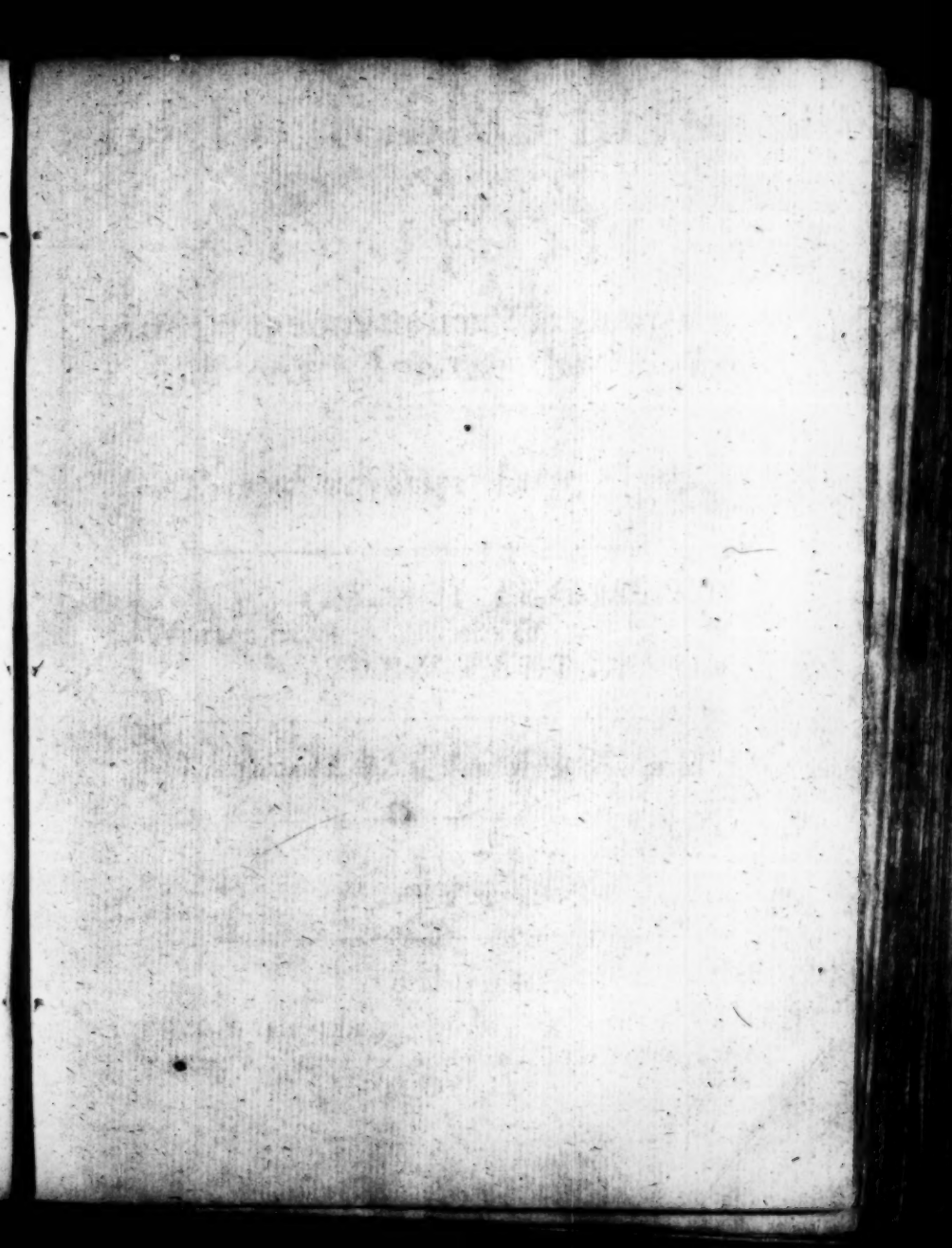
*The Counter-Rat.*

Some on their heads no night-caps wore,  
Some lapp'd their brows in hose all tore;  
They hobble about, they frisk, they sing  
So long, that crackt was every string,  
By their rude horse-play altogether,  
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.  
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell  
Cannot be heard nor felt in hell;  
Yet o're they gave not, till the Sun  
Arose, then all to bed did run.

*Good-morrow.*

**T**He Rats into the Trap that fell  
That night, were few. The Constable  
Belike did wink, and would not see;  
For, when the winds rise, his watch and he  
Tosse all that venture on their waves;  
The rocks being brown-bills, clubs & staves  
On which they split them. These and they  
VVhen morning comes are fetch'd away;  
Those Rats o're night whose shapes did leese,  
Being soon turn'd men, by paying but fees;  
Yet some lose tail, some are scratcht bare,  
VVhilst Constables and Counters share.

*FINIS.*



[illegible][illegible]



